

Crawford Avalanche.

G. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months......50
Three Months......25

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, OCT. 19.

Inter-Colonial Railway.

Those members of the Michigan Press Association, who in their tour to the Maritime Provinces last June travelled over a portion of the Inter-colonial railway from St. John, N. B., to Sydney, Cape Breton, were afforded an opportunity to gaze upon scenes of marvellous beauty, and to experience some of the delightful balminess of a summer climate that has earned for this territory the name of a "Summer Paradise." But the necessity of haste prevented them from enjoying but few of the opportunities that this great Canadian National Highway offers to the Tourist and the Sportsman.

For instance, in the journey from Montreal to Halifax, Sydney, Cape Breton or to St. John, there are panoramas of marvellous beauty following each other in bewildering sequence. The attractions are of such variety that it is hard to specify. There are mountains and valleys, lakes, rivers, and streams. There is the valley of the Lower St. Lawrence, that most magnificent of all the world's great waterways. Miles and miles of sea coast are reached where there are numerous watering places. Two splendid through trains, the "Maritime Express," and the "Ocean Limited," between these points, which for excellence of dining and sleeping car service are excelled on the continent.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Inter-colonial possesses only summer attractions. It is when the early frosts of September are turning to golden the forest foliage that one of its chief attractions is brought into prominence. It is then its trains are crowded with sportsmen hurrying to the woods after the moose, caribou, deer and bear.

The splendid hunting along the line of railway is one of the railways great advantages. It is considered so valuable an asset that the trade mark of a moose head has been adopted, and is the distinguishing badge of some very able publications on hunting issued by the Railway. The route is through districts where moose, caribou and deer are found in amazing numbers, where the black bear is likewise quite plentiful, and where smaller game is correspondingly abundant. In many parts of Quebec Province, close to the line of railway, are the favorite hunting grounds of many western sportsmen. From the moment the railway crosses the boundary of Quebec into New Brunswick the world is within easy reach. For over a hundred and fifty miles any of the stations can be made a starting out point for the woods.

Although Nova Scotia does not enjoy the same reputation as other Provinces for moose, this is by no means due to the scarcity of the animals. There are several sections where not only are they very numerous but of fine size and splendidly antlered. The open seasons for big game differ materially in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In Quebec the season is from September 1st to October 31st. In New Brunswick it is from September 15 to November 30th. In Nova Scotia it is from October 1st to January 1st. The license fee in Quebec is \$25.00 for non-residents in New Brunswick \$50, and in Nova Scotia \$20.00. One bull moose is allowed to be shot in a season by any one hunter. It is a very serious offence to kill a female. In New Brunswick a stag caribou may be shot under the same license and two deer.

There are few branches of sports more thrilling than hunting the moose. Quiet and timid enough during the summer months the bulls become an uncertain quality in September, when the amorous call of the cow moose resounds through the forest and the mating season begins. Prior to the rutting season it is the habit of the bull moose to establish himself in a chosen tract of the forest, preferably near a lake or pond. Having taken up his station there he will savagely resist any invasion of his chosen realm. He wants a kingdom all his own and is by no means averse to contesting for supremacy with all comers. Many are the desperate battles that are waged in the heart of the woods few of which are ever witnessed by human eyes.

Most of the hunting in New Brunswick is done by calling the moose and in this the guides excel, with a birch bark horn the "challenge" of a rival male is perfectly imitated, or the plaintive love call of the female. Early in the season the guides prefer the "challenge" as it rarely fails to bring a response from the bull that has constituted himself monarch of the woods in the vicinity. Later on when the mating season is well advanced the call of the cow moose is the better lure. Hon. F. G. Harris, State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, who hunted in the Mitimichi woods last season writes this vivid description of this style of moose hunting. "This is the challenge that Bering gave through his birch bark horn, on the evening of the 20th. Using his horn as an ear trumpet, Bering soon intimated that a bull was answering. The trained ear and eye of the New Brunswick guide can detect the presence of game where the amateur can not. He had heard the crackling of

some brush or the smashing of the bull's horns against the trees long before I was able to hear him. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the bull came nearer and during this time the cow whom he was mating was endeavoring to call him away. We could hear her calls from the ridge and could soon plainly hear the bull as he approached the pond, crashing through the forest ready to meet his antagonist. Just at sundown, his head antlers were poked out of the alder thicket directly opposite from where we sat concealed, and about a hundred yards away. I do not know that I ever had the buck fever, but I certainly had a chill that evening: for four hours I had not moved from my position, and the weather was so cold that ice was freezing on the pond.

"I shivered like a leaf, and when I heard that bull moose crashing through the brush, approaching the pond, I confess that I was just a little excited. I wanted to shoot the moose as he stood there with his head and antlers in view trying to discover the whereabouts of the bull he thought had challenged him, but Bering kept his hand on my arm and told me in a whisper that he would give the word. In the course of a very few minutes, the bull made a motion as if to go back into the woods, when Bering exclaimed, 'Give it to him.' I jumped to my feet, fired at the moose's breast with my 32 Winchester Special, and just as I touched the trigger the bull lowered his nose and I shot him in the forehead below the brain. At the report of the gun the animal jumped clear out into the open, and the blood spurted from his nostrils. He wheeled in his tracks and I shot him a second time in his neck, the shot passing through his lungs and clear through his body. He disappeared into the dark woods and we crossed the pond some three hundred yards above following his trail into the thicket and found him standing a hundred yards from where he was shot, sick and dying. A shot through his heart finished him, and we left him until morning."

Some hunters will stoutly maintain that a moose will not attack a man. But there are so many instances to the contrary, that it is impossible to doubt that the bulls under certain conditions are vicious enough to introduce into the sport just enough of the element of danger to make the pastime highly exciting. A wounded moose is always bad and owing to the small bore rifles carried by so few hunters in one after it has received a fatal wound. The writer knows of instances where the animals have without provocation, charged hunters, and has in mind the case of a man last season who was obliged to kill a moose to save himself from death or serious injury.

One of the principal reasons why the New Brunswick woods are the objective point of so many sportsmen, is because of the proximity of the best hunting sections in the line of railway. At Campbellton near the Quebec line, many hunters start for the woods and in from two to three hours are at the best moose and caribou grounds. From Bathurst also, a section that is fairly alive with game can be reached in a very short time. It is impossible to drive right to the camps, and a lot of wearisome hard tramping is avoided. The same may be said of other stations in this vicinity, viz., Newcastle, Charlo, Bartibogue, Kentville, etc. The Fredericton section of the Inter-colonial is through a splendid hunting district. Experienced caribou hunters prefer the barrens of Newfoundland, where the beasts are of larger size and antler development. Every year large numbers of Western sportsmen journey to the Island Colony, and the favorite route is from Montreal to North Sydney, where connection is made with the steamers of the Reid Newfoundland Co., which in turn connect with the Reid Railway. But it must also be remembered that there is splendid caribou hunting in Quebec and New Brunswick, and that moose and caribou are to be found in the same section. Some fine caribou have lately been shot in New Brunswick and they are very plentiful.

Other game in the places above mentioned is in corresponding abundance, and wild fowl amazingly so in November when they assemble for their annual flight southward to a more congenial winter clime. Thus it will be seen that the attractions of the Eastern Provinces of Canada are by no means confined to the summer months. It is the Sportsman's Paradise in the Autumn, right up to the beginning of winter.

"The average man comes near being a bloomin' idiot," remarked an observant citizen the other day. You can see him wearing a fur cap on his head, while his shoes let in the snow and water. He wears an overcoat over his chest. He is mighty scared about freezing his fingers while his throat is exposed to the blizzard and he is often ailing or he thinks he is. Its herb tea, root tonics, Peter's pills, Paul's tar cordial, or plasters and cures until the balance wheel in the machine comes to a stop. Nature wants to keep going but she can't. He drinks whiskey and clogs the valves; he drinks beer and clogs the wheels; he pours down lemonade, buttermilk, ginger ale, ice water, tea, coffee and then wonders why the fires under the boilers do not burn. If you should take an ox and put him through the same performance he'd be dead in a year. The simplest, plainest laws of health are outraged every hour of the day by the average man.—Ex.

Proceedings of the Common Council.

[OFFICIAL.]

GRAYLING, Oct. 16, 1905.
Special meeting of the Common Council convened at the Court House. President pro tem. A. E. Michelson in the chair.
Present Trustees Olson, Connine, Hum and McCullough.
Absent, President Bauman and Trustee Brink.
Meeting called to order by the president pro tem.

Moved by Hum, supported by Connine that the contract with the Grayling Electric Company as drawn up by the Lighting Committee be approved and the President and Clerk be instructed to sign the same. Motion carried.

Moved by Hum supported by Connine that the Committee on Lighting be instructed to purchase six fire alarm boxes. Motion carried.

Moved by Olson supported by Connine that the report of the Finance Committee be approved and orders drawn for the several amounts. Motion carried.

REPORT.
To the President and Trustees of the Common Council of the village of Grayling. Your Committee on Claims and accounts report as follows:

	Cldd.	All'd.
1. Wm. McCullough team work.....	\$23.00	\$23.00
2. J. F. Hum labor.....	21.75	21.75
3. Burt Newman team work.....	19.65	19.65
4. L. Lamont labor.....	7.43	7.43
5. M. Dupree labor.....	1.65	1.65
6. A. Amos labor.....	1.65	1.65
7. T. O. Corwin labor.....	3.30	3.30
8. Art Oliver labor.....	7.43	7.43
9. T. Nolan fumigator.....	9.75	9.75
10. E. Wainwright labor.....	5.78	5.78
11. W. Eckhart labor.....	1.65	1.65
12. Walmer Jorgenson rebate.....	4.50	4.50
13. M. C. R. R. freight bill on gravel.....	87.83	87.83

Signed
J. F. HUM,
C. O. McCULLOUGH,
R. D. CONNINE,
Finance Com.

Moved and supported that we adjourn.
Motion prevailed.

H. P. OLSON,
Village Clerk.

Mrs. Peter Rasmussen and Emile left Wednesday night for Chicago.

Mrs. Hixon was a welcome visitor of Mrs. Leadbeater this week.

Mr. Alexander Moore and family arrived last week, they are with Mr. Chas. Turners people until they can find a house.

Willard Hammond made a flying trip to Detroit, Ann Arbor and Bay City last Saturday. He attended the foot ball game, at Ann Arbor between the U. of M. and the Vanderbilts.

Fifty Years the Standard

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
A Cream of Tartar Powder Made From Grapes No Alum

Notice of Application

FOR PERMISSION TO CONSTRUCT A DAM ACROSS THE MANISTEE RIVER IN WEXFORD COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

Notice is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Board of Supervisors of the county of Wexford, State of Michigan, at an adjourned meeting thereof to be held at the Court House in the city of Cadillac in said county, on the fifteenth (15th) day of November, at two o'clock in the afternoon, by William Douglas, praying for authority and permission to construct, operate and maintain a dam over and across the Manistee River in said county, to be located upon the Northeast quarter of section Thirty-one (31), Township Twenty-four (24), North of Range (11) West, for the purpose of developing and using the water power of said river for milling, factory, and other purposes. Said dam will be approximately 630 feet long on surface of water in pond and 700 feet over all, 45 feet high, extending from about 10 feet below the surface to 5 feet above level of water in pond, 176 feet to 296 feet wide on bottom, and from 16 to 20 feet wide on the top, and will be constructed of piles, sheet piles, timber, plank, cement, concrete, stone, steel, iron and earth work in the manner indicated and shown by the description, map, plans and drawings now on file at the County Clerk's office in said county; there will be six openings in the dam for waste water 16 feet wide and 10 feet below surface of water; one log chute with a clear opening of feet high, 6 feet wide by 6 feet deep built of timber, and a boom in pond above to guide logs to its upper end; this log chute will be so constructed that it can be converted into a fish ladder when not used for logs. Said petition, description, maps, plans and drawings, giving a full and particular description of said dam, are on file with said County Clerk and can be seen at his office in said city of Cadillac, or at the office of the Manistee Engineering Company, No. 300 River St., Manistee, Michigan. Dated October 16th, 1905. WILLIAM DOUGLAS, Manistee, Mich.

TRY Sleepy Eye FLOUR.



For sale only by
CONNINE & CO.

CONSULT
J. LEAHY,

The Expert Optician.



At Dr. Insley's office, Tuesday, Oct. 24th. Will remain two days. Glasses guaranteed to fit, curing headache, dizziness and nervousness. All symptoms of eye strain a specialty. Difficult cases solicited.

New Music.

We have just placed in stock a fine assortment of new Songs, Waltzes and Two-steps, all sold at half price, 25c each.
Central Drug Store.

The BEST That MONEY CAN BUY.

For neat fit and good workmanship ship the

Peerless Shirts And Peerless Pants

defy competition. All garments warranted not to rip. Established 1874. That's all. On sale by the
Grayling Mercantile Co.

Don't Neglect!
Gentle—When you want a new Fall Suit, see the new up-to-date styles. The latest designs in home manufactures and the latest imported goods on hand. Also the newest waists and fabrics for Ladies High Class Tailored Suits, on view at
Malton's Tailoring Establishment,
Goupil Building, Opposite McKay's Hotel

Salling, Hanson & Co.

The Leading Dealers in
Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods, Groceries, Shoes, Hardware, Flour, Feed.

Also Dealers in

Logs, Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Paint, Glass, Nails, Putty and Building Material of every kind.

Farmers, call

And get prices before disposing of your products and profit thereby.

Circuit Court Assignments.

J. A. Leighton, M. D.
OFFICE WORK ONLY.
2d floor of Avalanche Building, Grayling, Mich.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
34th Judicial Circuit.
Pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided, I do hereby appoint the times of holding the several terms of the Circuit Court in the several counties of the 34th Judicial Circuit for the years commencing January first A. D. 1906, as follows:
Arenac County—Second Mondays in February, June and October.
Crawford County—Second Mondays in January, May and September.
Gladwin County—First Mondays in February, June and October.
Ogemaw County—Third Mondays in February, June and October.
Ontonagon County—Third Mondays in January, May and September.
Roscommon County—First Mondays in January May and September.
NELSON SHARPE, Circuit Judge.
Dated, West Branch, Mich. this 23d day of Sept. 1905.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Circuit Court for the County of Crawford.
In Chancery.
John Roof, Complainant
vs.
Caroline Beck Roof, Defendant.
Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford in Chancery, at the village of Grayling, in said county, on the fourteenth day of October A. D. 1905. In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendant, Caroline Beck Roof, is not a resident of the state of Michigan but resides in the town of Desler, in the state of Ohio. On motion of O. Palmer, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, Lydia M. Brott, cause her appearance to be entered herein, within four months from the date of this order and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by said Lydia M. Brott, defendant.
And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper, printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the time above described for her appearance.
NELSON SHARPE, Circuit Judge.
O. PALMER, Solicitor for Complainant. oc12-7w

Notice of Attachment.

The Farmer's Bank, a corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
Thorwald Hanson, Defendant.
In Attachment.
Notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of September, A. D. 1905, a writ of attachment was duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the county of Crawford, at the suit of The Farmer's Bank, of Mason, Michigan, a corporation, organized under the laws of the state of Michigan, the above named plaintiff, against the lands, tenements, goods, chattels, moneys and effects of Thorwald Hanson, the defendant above named, for the sum of two hundred eighteen and four one-hundredths dollars (\$218.04) which said writ was returnable on the third day of October A. D. 1905.
L. B. McARTHUR, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Business Address: Mason, Mich. oc12-7w

The Tailor!

Originator and Introducer of Fine Garments for Men.
If you want a good suit for Fall and Winter, just drop in and see me.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Shop Over Chris. Hanson's Saloon
Grayling, Mich.

McMILLAN'S Restaurant

And Ice Cream Parlor.
(Next door to Jorgenson's store.)
Meals at all hours. Short order work a specialty. Fresh Bread, Cake, Pies. Office for long distance telephone.

A. J. Smith.
Veterinary Surgeon
Grayling, Mich.
Will answer professional calls from Grayling. Phone 31, G. H.

The Old Reliable BARBER SHOP

SCOTT LOADER, Prop.
A Good Shave or Hair Cut.
Agency for Robertson's Laundry, Saginaw.

City Barber Shop.

A new shop, fitted up with every convenience.
CARL W. KREPKKE, Prop.
Located Next to Grayling Mercantile Company's Store.
GRAYLING, MICH.
AGENT FOR STAR LAUNDRY, DAY CITY.

The McKay House.

A. Pearsall, Propr.
Rate - \$1.00 Per Day
Special Attention to the Commercial Trade. Feed Barn in Connection, convenient for Farmers and Lumbermen.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.

The Niagara Falls Route.
THE MACKINAW DIVISION
Time card in effect Sunday, Dec. 27, 1905. Trains arrive and depart from Grayling, Monday and Tuesday, as follows:

Bay City, Grayling, Train No.	Grayling, Mackinaw, Train No.
LV. 1:10pm	ARR. 4:20am
ARR. 1:10pm	LV. 4:20pm
10:35am	1:35pm
8:15am	12:15pm
6:30am	4:15pm
ARR. 5:15pm	LV. 2:05pm
3:30am	12:49am
9:45am	7:10am
ARR. 7:55am	LV. 6:30am
7:55am	6:30am
9:40am	7:10am
ARR. 7:55am	LV. 6:30am
7:55am	6:30am
9:40am	7:10am

DETROIT & CHARLEVOIX R. R.

TIME TABLE NO. 13
Trains Run by Nickel Plate, Meridian or Central Standard Time, Daily except Sunday.

a. m.	p. m.	STATIONS.	p. m.	a. m.
7 00	2 30	D. Fredric A	12 05	6 00
7 25	2 45	A. S. R.	11 50	5 15
7 45	3 00	D. Ward	11 35	4 50
7 50	3 15	B. L. J. n	11 18	4 25
7 55	3 20	C. L. Lake	11 03	4 05
8 00	3 25	Lake Rd	10 50	3 45
8 05	3 30	ALBA	10 40	3 42
8 10	3 35	Gr River	10 20	3 10
8 15	3 40	Gs Camp	10 11	2 50
8 20	3 45	J. n River	10 06	2 45
8 25	3 50	Wards	10 02	2 40
8 30	3 55	A. E. J. n D	9 50	2 30
8 35	4 00			

Trains will not stop where no time is shown. Trains will stop to let passengers on or off where points are shown.
CLARK HARRIS, Gen. Manager.
W. A. COOPER, Local Agent.

FOR Fire Insurance

—CALL ON—
O. Palmer.

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, OCT. 19

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year in advance. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

Sorenson's for Lamps.

The new boards for the school are now in place and are fine.

Emil Kraus left Tuesday for the U. of M. foot ball game Friday.

Mrs. Chas. King was up from Saginaw visiting Mr. King last week.

Fresh Fish every Friday, at Metcalf's Market.

Subscribe and pay for the AVALANCHE. Only \$1.00 a year.

For fresh butter and eggs call at Metcalf's Market.

J. Leahy, the optician, will soon be here. For date see ad. in this issue.

Leave your orders for fall and winter fruit at Metcalf's meat market.

Patronize the McKay House—the best of a day house in Grayling.

Olaf Michelson of Owosso was up over Sunday to visit the folks and his best girl.

Miss Anna Jensen of Salling, Mich. visited her many friends in Grayling last week.

Miss Kathryn Bates of Toledo, Ohio is visiting relatives and friends for a few weeks.

Mrs. Tillie Sparks and the children started for a visit in Illinois last Tuesday morning.

Francis Kraus returned home last Friday from an eight weeks visit with Southern Michigan Friends.

A fine Jersey cow, three years old, a good milker, for sale for forty-five dollars. SOL LA VANCHER.

Mrs. W. T. Hammond is visiting friends in Bay City, and with several others from that place visited Niagara Falls.

P. Jorgenson left for Benton Harbor, Saturday, as a delegate from Grayling, to attend the Odd Fellow's convention.

Postmaster Bates and his sister Kathryn, went to Millersburg Monday morning to visit their sister Agnes, and the baby.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Benkelman are enjoying a visit by his brother-in-law and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Seed, of Bay City.

A good work horse weighing about 1300 pounds for sale cheap, with or without a harness and carriage. Enquire at this office.

Mr. Willard Hammond left last Friday for a visit in Detroit, Bay City and on Saturday took in the foot ball game in Ann Arbor.

I have a nice two-year-old heifer, in calf, and a six-months old heifer calf for sale, at a bargain. HEMMING PETERSON.

October 24th and 25th is the date when Leahy, the optician will again be here. Remember he comes prepared to fit any eyes that can be fitted.

The experiment with gravel on our main street seems to be proving all that can be desired. It is packing hard and smooth. Bring on a hundred carloads more.

The contractors are pushing the work on the addition to the school house. The roof is on and it will be finished on time. A fine improvement, and greatly needed.

Burt Wilcox was arrested again last week for assault and battery. Justice Mahon said, ten dollars and costs, ten dollars and thirty-five cents. He is getting pugnacious and finds it expensive.

D. P. Stoffer of Gaylord was down last Saturday to buy a lot of lumber for finishing up his years work in building in that village. He reports a prosperous year, and knows where to come to do business, in the best town in the state.

Jack Dixon brought down some of his fruit, a winter radish which weighed two pounds and a quarter, and as tender as any that ever grew. Another slim one measured two feet and eight inches in length.

Special meetings, which will last two weeks, will begin at the Presbyterian church on Sabbath Nov. 12th. Rev. W. L. Hood, Presbyterian Missionary of Saginaw Presbytery, will conduct the meetings.

Services at the Presbyterian church next Sabbath. At the morning service the subject of the sermon will be: "The Christian Soldier." In the evening, "Daniel's three Companions delivered in a miraculous way."

The old Au Sable house is a thing of the past. The R. R. mens bunkhouse is moved out of the way, northwest and the work of erecting the new stall addition to the round house is well under way. That with the machine shop will make a noticeable addition across the track.

C. F. Underhill was down from the AuSable Ranch Monday. He is opening a market in Grayling which will be supplied from the ranch, and will soon open a bank in that village. He says he is here to stay and is well pleased with the outlook.

Continued from Page 1.

Miss Jennie McCloud was called to Pinconning, yesterday morning, by an accident which befell her aunt. We are told that she fell in such a way that her neck was broken.

The Jury said "Not Guilty" in the case against Shoppenegans. We do not agree at all with the verdict as a matter of law, though we would regret to see the old man suffer.

Messrs Squires and Ingerson started for the northwest Monday morning. Their P. O. address will be at Seattle. We look for their return, but hope they will have a good time.

Smokers, look in our show windows when you pass by and see our new line of French Briar and Merschaum pipes, cigar holders, etc. We have them at all prices.

FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE.

We are indebted to Mrs. H. Funk for another immense basket of fruit from their farm, consisting of Peaches, Pears, Apples and Grapes. The apples are of six distinct varieties, of natural fruit, and all are very fine. We shall keep a photograph of them in remembrance, but the fruit will not be kept.

Prof. W. N. Ferris, in an address to the Unitarian, independent and liberal church conference, at Kalamazoo, said: "The public school has robbed the home of too much already. Sewing and other domestic economies being taught in the schools rightly belong in the home. If present conditions continue, the next thing we know incubators will be placed in the schools and club women will have their new born babes taken there to be reared."—Prof. Ferris has been acknowledged as an educator of marked ability, but the above, if true, would indicate that his experience of the last two years has sapped his intellect. Such rot in a public assembly is inexcusable.

Irrigation no guess work. There is no guess work about this matter. While it may seem incredible to those people unacquainted with the results of irrigation that the introduction of water alone will convert the dry sand into productive soil, it is none the less true. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in India, Egypt and Italy in this way with the most gratifying results. Past experiments in this country have shown that equally satisfactory results are obtainable in America.—Enquirer, Buffalo, N. Y.

Frederic Correspondences.

Prof. Bradley was in our town last Saturday.

The M. E.'s served a profitable supper last Saturday night in the lodge room.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown depart Wednesday for their western home in Oakland, Cal.

The funeral of Sidney Barber's little boy was held last Saturday afternoon, age 13 months.

Grayling must be a poor place to live, as parties come to Frederic occasionally for their supper.

Sheriff Stillwell passed through here on his way to DeWard last Saturday, in search of law breakers.

A social will be held next Friday evening, from five until eight, for the benefit of Wm. Coombs, pastor. 15 cents pays the bill for one.

Married on the thirteenth of Oct., in the presence of many friends, at the home of the brides parents in Maple Forest, Miss Martha Hennessey and Mr. Leonard F. Martin, by Rev. Wm. Coombs Pastor of the M. P. church of Frederic officiating. Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Martin have the best of wishes of their many friends, which was shown by the many presents received.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church Society will serve supper at the church, Tuesday Oct. 24th, from 5 to 8. A cordial invitation is extended. Fifteen cents pays the bill.

If you want a New Royal Sewing Machine fully guaranteed, as good as any in the market, and with all modern attachments, for a little more than half its value, call at this office.

Mrs. Dr. Niles has the agency for the Celebrated Imperial Skirts, and will be pleased to exhibit samples, and receive orders from ladies who may call at her residence. Skirts are in black, well made, Silk, Morene or Satteen and prices reasonable.

Call and see the new and up to date lines of fancy dishes, spoon trays, celery trays and novelties of all kinds. Also we have added to our stock, a choice line of California products, such as extracts, perfumes, face creams, lotions and powder, and many other toilet preparations. Ladies especially invited to call and see for yourselves the excellent qualities of the above, and prices reasonable. H. C. SCHMIDT.

Plans to Get Rich

are often frustrated by sudden breakdown, due to dyspepsia or constipation. Brace up and take Dr. King's new Life Pills. They take out the materials which are clogging your energies, and give you a new start. Cure headache and dizziness too. At Fournier's drug store, 25c., guaranteed.

J. Leahy, the optician, who has visited Grayling for the past 10 years has fully proven to all his rare ability as an optician, and the fact that many of our leading business people have seen fit to consult him, is the best evidence that his skill is recognized and appreciated by the thinking people. Any one consulting him may rest assured they will receive all the benefit possible from glasses.

Full of Tragic Meaning

are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me." Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases, prevents grip and pneumonia. At L. Fournier drugstore, guaranteed, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Estrays.

A number of my cattle have strayed from my ranch. They are all Herefords, white faced two year old. Any one who will secure any of them, and notify me at Roscommon, will receive reward. O. F. BARNES.

Be Sure to Use Only Cream of Tartar Baking Powder

Food made with alum baking powder carries alum to the stomach unchanged. Scientists have positively demonstrated this and that such food is partly indigestible and unhealthful.

Iron-Ox Tablets

SUFFERED TERRIBLY FOR 66 YEARS

Mr. J. W. Cotton, of Winchester, Ind., Tells of his Awful Suffering From Constipation and Points out the Road to a Sure Cure for all those who Suffer From This Dread Disease. Another Triumph for Iron-Ox Tablets.

One of the most extraordinary cases on record is that of J. W. Cotton, of Winchester, Ind., who was cured of chronic constipation by Iron-Ox Tablets after sixty-six years of suffering. He writes as follows: "I am using Iron-Ox Tablets and have been astonished by the results. I am almost 66 years of age and have been constantly constipated since I was 20 years old, being compelled to take medicine to move my bowels. After using Iron-Ox a short time I have daily evacuations. J. W. Cotton, Winchester, Ind."

Remember there is a vast difference between curing constipation and giving temporary relief. There are many harmful preparations sold that relieve the oppressed bowels for a time, but consider at what a cost! The lining of the bowels, more delicate than almost any other part of the body, is shocked and urged to violent action, but the harm is so great that the disease is made worse instead of better. Iron-Ox Tablets are gentle but sure in action, toning up every organ to a state of health and normal activity.

Fifty Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum box 25c. at your drugstore, or write direct to The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended by L. Fournier, Druggist.

Constipation Cured

Chronic Constipation means a life full of pain and misery. No human constitution on earth is strong enough to allow of either good work or enjoyment of any kind while this foe to health is present.

Iron-Ox Tablets

Cure the most Stubborn Cases of Constipation.

Remember this point. Iron-Ox Tablets are different from any other medicine for constipation that is sold.

They do not act so quickly as some, for quick action means violent action, and violence means danger.

Harsh purgatives rack the delicate system, weakening it so that later a time it refuses to respond to even the drastic treatment, leaving the victim ten times worse than before.

50 Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum pocket case, 25c. at your drugstore, or write direct to The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended by L. Fournier, Druggist.

Thank You.

This store tenders its sincere thanks to those who to any degree contributed to its success up to the present time.

I am grateful for the recognition which our efforts to please have developed. We diligently strove to give a courteous service, to treat all alike all the time, and to handle nothing but the purest and very best of eatables.

If your experience here have been pleasant and profitable we have succeeded and are content, and we only ask you to come again.

Respectfully Yours

H. PETERSEN,

The New Store.

The season is on,

And of course you will need a new Fall Carpet. We can satisfy you both in quality and price.

JAMES W. SORENSON.

Grayling,

Michigan.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
Specialists in the Treatment of Nervous, Blood, Skin and Special Diseases of Men and Women. Established 25 years.
No names used without Written Consent. Cures Guaranteed.
Thousands of young and middle-aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through excesses. Chas. Anderson was one of the victims, but was rescued in time. He says: "I sowed my 'wild oats' when young. A chance came over me. I could feel it; my friends noticed it. I became nervous, dependent, gloomy, had no ambition, easily tired, evil forebodings, poor circulation, pimples on face, back weak, restless at night, tired and weak mornings, burning sensation. To make matters worse I became reckless and contracted other diseases. I tried many doctors and medical firms—all failed till Dr. Kennedy & Kergan took my case. In one week I felt better, and in a few weeks was entirely cured. They are the only reliable and honest specialists in the country."
Beware of frauds and impostors. We will pay \$1,000 for any case we take that our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will not cure. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Varicocoele, Stricture, Blood Poison, Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Consultation free. Books free. Call or write for Question List for Home Treatment.
DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St. Detroit, Mich.

Boys' and Girls' SCHOOL SHOES

For Hard Wear.

With the beginning of school comes the demand for stylish, good-wearing school shoes for your school children. After a careful preparation we are able to meet this demand at the following prices:

Boys' Shoes, sizes 2 1/2-5 1/2, in box velour and satin calf leathers, \$1.25 to 2.25.

Girls' Shoes, sizes 11-2, \$1.00 to 1.75.

Our New FALL DRESS GOODS have just arrived, and we can show all the new novelties of the season.

Our FURNISHING DEPARTMENT is complete in all lines.

A. KRAUS & SON,

Leading Dry Goods and Clothing Store.

Burdock Tonic Compound.

We beg leave to remind our patrons that there remain only a few days to buy BURDOCK TONIC COMPOUND at 25 per bottle. After the 28th inst. the price will be \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00.

Fournier's Drug Store,

The Old Reliable.

THE NEW FALL STYLES In Outer Garments.

Your every Fall need provided for in the big store, where stocks are up to date, large and comprehensive, gathered from the leading makers of the country, and offered you at such money-saving prices as to make it the best economy to trade at our store.



The New Autumn Fashions for Men.

This seasons showing is the best we have ever made, and the garments are so priced that they are within the reach of the most economical.

A complete line of Sacks and Double-Breasted.

The high grade suits we are now showing, are hand-tailored, the same as the best merchant-tailors produce.

Men's Overcoats.

We are showing an elegant line of Men's Overcoats, in long, loose rain-proof mixtures, and in black.

Boys' Clothing.

We have an exclusive line of Boys Kantwear-out Suits and Overcoats and they are built to stand the rough and tumble of the play grounds.



Ladies' Garments.

We have a superb exhibit, we have the styles and carry a stock of the very best, consisting of Furs, Coats, Skirts, Waists and Cravettes.

Infants' and Children's Garments.

In Infants' and Children's garments we have the largest and most complete assortment in town. Coats of Bear Fur and Crushed Plush and Fancy Mixtures.



Grayling Mercantile Co.

The People's Store.

Drugs.

Patent Medicines.

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE

N. P. OLSON, Prop'r.

Some new and exceptionally fine odors in the---

Perfume Line!

Egyptian Lotus, Elseeta, Lo Sylvia, Corinne and The Rajah's Rose.

Bring us your Family Receipts.

Prescription Work a Specialty.

J. A. MORRISON, Manager.

Candy.

Cigars.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

MUSO-JAPANESE PEACE A DISASTER.

By Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain).

I hope I am mistaken, yet in all sincerity I believe that the Russo-Japanese peace is entitled to rank as the most conspicuous disaster in political history. During the war Russia was on the high road to emancipation from an insane and intolerable slavery. I was hoping there would be no peace until Russian liberty was safe. I think that this was a holy war in the best and noblest sense of that abused term and that no war was ever charged with a higher mission. I think there can be no doubt that this mission is now defeated and Russia's chains riveted, this time to stay.

I think the czar will now withdraw the small humanities that have been forced from him and resume his medieval barbarism with a relieved spirit and an immenseurable joy. I think Russian liberty has had its last chance and has lost it. I think nothing has been gained by the peace that is remotely comparable to what has been sacrificed by it. One more battle would have abolished the waiting chains of millions upon millions of unborn Russians, and I wish it could have been fought.

THE PROGRESS OF LABOR.

By Rev. Charles Steale.

It would be folly to insist that the social system of the day is ideal. But any man who reads history knows that the condition of the workman today is infinitely better than it was a century ago. Whatever other causes have been at work to bring about this change, much of it must be attributed to trades unionism.

There has been steady progress like the irresistible sweep of a mighty river. Eddies have been formed which seem to mark the backward course of the stream. The pessimist has seen the eddy and pointed to it as an indication that there has been only a backward movement. True progress, however, is the fact that the flood just beyond reveals true progress.

The condition of the skilled American workman today is superior to that of the royalty of three centuries ago. He has a better home, more conveniences, more books, more of the things that make life worth the living. The increase in wages, the shortening of his hours of work, the multiplication of his comforts, his new educational advantages, his superior position as a citizen and as a man—all these have made the average workman a progressive, right-thinking human being.

As already noted, conditions are not ideal. There is much that needs to be adjusted. Because of this, among the so-called "masses," there is a feeling of unrest which may be an uprising destructive of law and order, but no one need fear a same agitation carried on by honest, intelligent men. It is a sign of life and growth, and an indication of better things to come. The good sense of the American people will see that it comes out all right. But Rome was not built in a day. The bitterness in human society will not be healed by an arbitrary division of men into classes. Any class movement in this country, be it a workman's movement or an employers' movement, is sure to fail.

The rich are frequently accused of fostering a class spirit. However that may be, this unfortunate spirit is not confined to the prosperous. The same spirit sometimes exists among workmen. The journeyman frequently treats his helper with the greatest contempt. The mechanics in some trades consider themselves superior to those engaged in some others. Because some workmen are privileged to wear white linen shirts while at their work they despise the laborer whose shirt compels him to wear one made of wool or cotton. This spirit of caste has also gone over to their wives. In a little Minnesota railroad town the wives of the engineers, the firemen and the brakemen are formed into exclusive women's clubs. It

is absolutely impossible for the fireman's wife to join the club composed of the engineers' wives, and as for the brakeman's wife—she simply "isn't in it."

If ever the labor question is to be settled, men must have the spirit of brotherhood taught by the carpenter of Nazareth. There are broad-minded men who have this larger vision. Men who deprecate the bitterness and the stinging personalities which have been injected into the labor question, which must be fought out only on its merits and on principle. But the average agitator, whether he represents employer or employee, with his pessimism, his cruel satire, his appeal to class prejudice, can only retard the growth of the spirit of brotherhood which must prevail before the golden age can be ushered in.

IS SCHOOL LITERATURE IMPROVING?

By Prof. E. G. Minnich.

The schools have changed, greatly changed. We—when we went to school—studied "English" and elocution in combination. Now elocution, except for the specialists, is a lost art—relegated to the "debating societies," but I seriously doubt if as great a taste for really good literature, for the really good in prose and poetry, is engendered by the present system as by the old. In those days every boy and girl read, read aloud, singly and "in concert," from the first up to the sixth reader. Burns, Gray, Longfellow, Byron, Moore—grave, humorous, impassioned—were drilled into the school children. I'll wager that more orators were produced from McDuffey's fifth reader than from any class of elocution; that more love of true literature was born from the reading than from the classes in "English" in our schools of today. Stop any American born man on the streets to-day and ask him to recite the "Village Blacksmith," and it is almost certain that he will bring, feet apart, put one hand behind his back, and say: "Under a spreading chestnut tree."

The literature of the public schools of today is, if anything, below the standard of fifty years ago. The students read more; they read more practical matter, newspapers, magazines, recent books and poems, and the standard classics. They get as much good reading as we old timers got, but I find it diluted with a lot of bad, or what is worse, mediocre, literature. I find that the best chance for the public school pupil of today to get really good matter is to go into one of the languages. He gets the best in French or German, and mediocre stuff in English. The method of teaching English today is broader than the old method, but I don't think it indicates a true and lasting love for good reading, and the old style "reader" did. We did not get much in those days, but we got the best.

Regardless of the class of literature in the schools of today the children are certainly missing something in not reading some of the things that they must confess they had never seen.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

By Russell Sage.

Work is the best recipe for a long life. My happiness lies in accomplishing things, and so long as I am permitted to live I shall continue to work. There is nothing in money itself worth struggling for after one has enough for his needs. In the beginning I determined never to get excited about anything, to preserve a serene disposition and a cool, clear brain, and to this end to hard work I attribute not alone what success I have attained, but my health and strength at an age when most men who attain it may be considered useless.

I do not believe in quitting business. The older a man is, so long as he retains his faculties, the more valuable is he to the community. I enjoy life and shall until I die. The business outlook for the country seems to me encouraging, though I do not like the return of the spirit of speculation. Reckless speculation is like over-indulgence in liquor—the reaction is bound to come.

PITH OF ROW BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Hungary, at present, does not seek independence from Austria. It wants a separate Hungarian army. It demands that the Magyar tongue shall be the language of command. Ultimately the intention is to maintain a mere alliance between the two countries, dissolving the commercial partnership.

The link between the two would then consist only of the Emperor-King's personal sovereignty.

Emperor Franz Joseph has steadfastly resisted all demands curtailing Austrian power.

The result is a deadlock, which threatens a war of secession. Should Hungary revolt it is probable Bohemia will follow.

A breaking about of the Austrian empire would probably throw the old duchy of Austria into the German empire.

Franz Joseph is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, commanding the common army.

Naval and military matters, foreign affairs, customs and currency are supposed to be administered in common.

This dual system was adopted by the Ausgleich (agreement) of 1867.

Franz Joseph has only been able to maintain the Ausgleich (agreement) not only between Hungary and Austria, but between the seventeen crown lands represented in the Reichsrat at Vienna, by personal influence, and by playing off the different factions against each other.

The ministers are practically the servants of the Emperor, though in law they are responsible to the Parliament.

Partisan strife has frequently allowed the Emperor to block all legislation for months at a time, thus affording him opportunity to make laws and issue decrees as he pleased.

To all intents and purposes, owing to the manipulations of the Emperor and his minister-servants, Hungary is now a country without any government recognized by the people.

At present the army, while recruited among Hungarians, is commanded mainly by Austrians, commanded in German, and the colors are Austrian.

In the eyes of Hungarians this army makes Hungary look like a conquered country.

In 1900, Hungary and Transylvania had a population of 16,708,143; Bohemia, 6,318,280; the rest of the empire, 22,224,412.

Area in square miles: Hungary and Transylvania, 108,258; Bohemia, 20,000; rest of Austria, 220,882.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

An English Writer Tells of a Recent Visit to the Crimea.

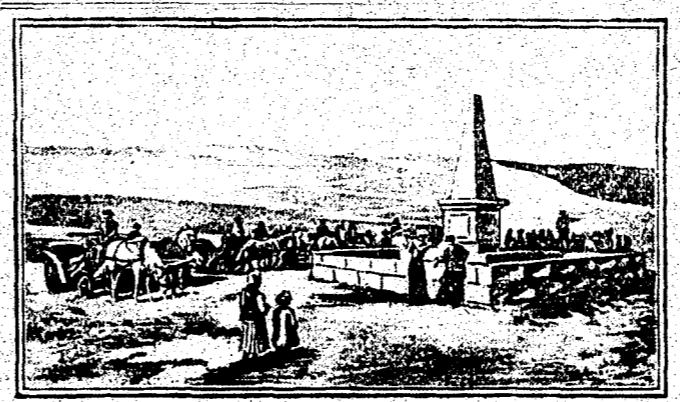
On the 8th of September, 1855, the French captured Malakoff, a strongly fortified hill which commanded the town and harbor of Sebastopol, and that same night the Russians blew up the Forts Nicholas, Quarantine and Alexander, and the Flagstaff and Garden batteries, scuttled their fleet, and after setting fire to the town, crossed by a bridge of boats to the north side of the harbor and evacuated the place after a siege of ten months. This practically terminated the Crimean war. London Black and White has published some illustrations of the present state of the Crimea.

The Bay of Sebastopol, four miles in length from east to west, and nearly a mile across at its widest part, with an almost uniform depth of nine fathoms, is one of the best harbors in the world.

ments to the Brigade of Guards, Sir George Cathcart, Captain Fielder-Vickers, and many other heroes of the war, surrounded by beautiful trees and gorgeous flowers, all kept in the most perfect order. On the field of Inkerman we visited the obelisk erected by Englishmen "to the memory of the English, French and Russians who fell in the battle," the Sandbag battery, named by the French the "Abattoir," where the light raged fiercest, and other notable points of interest. The whole plateau is covered with small trees, brushwood and wild flowers, the gentian, crocus, sweet pea, veronica and many others.

This Pump Works Itself.

A device which will save the automobilist much annoyance and trouble is the automatic tire pump recently introduced by a Western firm. This pump is so fashioned that it may be



THE BATTLEFIELD OF MALAKOFF. This obelisk, erected by the British, is said to mark the spot whence the Light Brigade started on their famous charge.

world. The handsome town of Sebastopol is now entirely rebuilt and greatly enlarged, with immense docks, forts and barracks, magnificent public buildings, boulevards, garden and up-to-date hotels. There is also an excellent museum in the Ionic style, which contains many interesting objects relating to the war. Here are numbers of English, French and Turkish guns, helmets, lances and sabres, and many engravings from well-known English and French paintings—notably, "The Roll Call" and the "Balaklava" of Lady Butler, and "The Thin Red Line at Inkerman." The landing stage is a particularly handsome structure of white marble, with four flights of steps and a Doric colonnade at the top, flanked by reproductions of antique statues.

Standing amid the crumbling bastions, with the town and harbor of

fastened to any artillery wheel and the inflating operation is performed by the turning of the wheel, so that the tire may be inflated while the car is in motion. The apparatus consists of a plunger pump that is fastened to one of the spokes, with a rubber tube connecting with the tire valve. The pump is operated by means of an eccentric arrangement which surrounds the wheel hub, and one member of the device is held against rotation by a cord which may be fastened to the mud guard or some other fixed portion of the car above the wheel.

The apparatus is equipped with a cutout appliance by which it is thrown out of action after a pressure of 110 pounds is reached, and the pump is said to be capable of maintaining the pressure at that point in the face of a leak of any ordinary proportions, so that it is possible to make a run home or for help in the event of a puncture without the necessity of stopping to make a temporary repair. With the use of this device the tire may be maintained at a uniform point without attention. For inflating the rear wheels the device may be applied, and the rear part of the vehicle being jacked up, the tires may be filled by starting the engine.—New York Herald.



MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL KOSHILOV.

Sebastopol spread out like a map below, it is easy to understand how utterly untenable the place became when once the Malakoff was in the hands of the besiegers and their guns swept the port. Surmounting the highest point of the hill stands the monument to its most gallant defender, Admiral Koshllov, who was killed during the siege by a round shot shattering his left thigh. He is represented wounded, but still giving directions to a gunner.

During the campaign, soldiers who fell were buried in small inclosures on the battlefields, or within the lines of investment. The French and Russians, soon after the conclusion of peace, collected their dead and reinterred them in cemeteries specially set apart for the purpose; but for years the graves of English dead suffered from neglect and the constant desecration of the Tartar herdsmen, until the reproaches of travelers roused a few Englishmen, ably supported by the Prince of Wales (now King), who visited the Crimea in 1890, and by their efforts the tombs of their countrymen, such as could be identified, were removed to the English cemetery on Cathcart Hill, named after the gallant Sir George Cathcart, who was killed at Inkerman. There are monu-

Not a Stone Unturned.

Those who visited New York while its subway was in process of construction will appreciate this story, told in the New York Herald:

A friend of the street commissioner of New York, while passing through the city for the first time in his life, lost a watch which he valued highly. Not being familiar with Manhattan, the man wrote to the commissioner of his loss, and asked him to do his best to find the missing article. The commissioner answered that he would do all in his power to recover the watch, and that he would not leave a stone unturned in the search.

A short while after this the man happened to be in New York again and business took him in the direction of Park avenue. At a glance he took in the piles of stone, dirt and other material from the torn-up street. Rushing to the nearest telephone office, he sent the following message to the commissioner:

"Do not bother any longer. Watch not worth it."

Not Passed After All.

Bicker—So you're not going to marry her?

Wicker—No, she's a woman with a past.

Bicker—But you told me she said the past was dead.

Wicker—True, but I've discovered it was one of those cases of suspended animation.—Detroit News.

Making Friends with France.

The first notes of the "Marsellaise" are being used as a popular form of whistled greeting in London.

INSURANCE.

A Bulwark Against Want.

THE EVENING WISCONSIN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The consensus of opinion in regard to the insurance investigation now in progress in New York is that it will eventually be in good for insurers and insured. Even the most pessimistic opponents of the principle of life insurance must admit that better conditions will follow the purification, not only for the companies which have been sorely stricken as a result of the moral lapses of their officials, but for the companies which are suffering vicariously under the shadow of distrust that has been cast upon corporate management generally.

Society cannot afford to "throw down" life insurance because of the readiness of high officials in one or two companies. The principle of protection for the dependent through provision for payment to them of sufficient to keep the wolf from the door is so closely interwoven with the social fabric that if it were possible to eliminate it by force, the social order would suffer a severe strain. Public duty and private philanthropy would together be unable to meet the appeals for assistance from women and children bereft of their breadwinners. A large proportion of the 18,000,000 policy holders in the United States have by their wise provision for the future insured organized society as well as their loved ones against the trials incident to sudden dependency. Cases without number could be cited in every large city of the United States where the death payments of life insurance companies have saved wives and children from actual want, and made it possible for widows to rear their children in a way to make them useful members of society. It would be interesting to know how much of the total insurance risks in the United States constitute a bulwark against poverty. A large part of the \$11,701,427 of outstanding insurance would undoubtedly, an analysis of the form to be protection of this vital character.

Bringing the subject close to home, the people of the Northwest have in the history of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee a company of which every resident of the Northwest has special reason to feel proud—a record which shows how much a well-conducted life insurance company contributes to the support of the existing social order. The first record of losses paid is that for the year ending June 1, 1890, \$1,500—a goodly sum for a young company in its first year of operation in life insurance, but a mere pittance in comparison with the princely amount now paid out annually for death losses. The death payments increased in local proportion to the company's business, and in ten years (Jan. 1, 1870) reached \$143,442.80, quite a large amount, yet still small in comparison with the amount now annually paid to the beneficiaries of the insured. For the year ending Jan. 1, 1890, the death payments surpassed the million mark for the first time, aggregating \$1,040,000.04. Since that time the business of the company's immense business, until today the payments on account of death losses approximate seven millions annually. The record for the year ending Jan. 1, 1900, are \$5,955,404.03.

Since its organization the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company has paid death claims to the aggregate of \$78,085,522.00. This enormous sum of money has contributed in no small degree to the welfare of society as a whole. The prompt payment of the death claims has in thousands of instances made it possible for helpless widows to "get along" without appealing to public charity or private philanthropy.

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company's record shows how unwaveringly honest and its history has been an open book from which the insured could read the records at will. The officers of the company have no side lines of official interest. They are devoted solely to the conservation of the interests of the policy holders, who are with them instantly concerned in the well-being of the corporation. It is one of the most substantial life insurance companies in the United States, and its record is absolutely stainless.

Reflections of a Spinster.

A man can prove himself a very popular individual at Christmas time if he knows how to go about it in the right way.

When wedding bells ring old maids are not compelled to listen.

A man with a past sometimes makes a good present and a better future.

The faults a man discovers in a woman are generally her smallest ones.—Baltimore American.

Too sober for second sight.

Bounder—What are you talking about? There wasn't any moon last night.

Rounder—Oh! yes, I'm sure I saw one.

Bounder—Nonsense! You must have been drunk.

Rounder—Nonsense yourself! If I'd been drunk I would have seen two.—Catholic Standard.

Has Reached the Gentle Age.

"While he was under 50 his parents had too much sense to let him marry."

"Yes."

"While he was under 50 he had too much sense to wed."

"I see."

"Now that he's 50—"

"Well?"

"He's going to take a wife."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Pleasure Denied Millionaires.

Madge—It must be just lovely to be a millionaire.

Marjorie—Oh, I don't know. There isn't half as much pleasure in buying things when you know you can afford them.—New York Times.

An Opinion.

"He says his motto is 'Live and learn.'"

"Well, if he isn't more successful at the former than the latter he'll be going to his funeral soon."—Philadelphia Press.

Stuffed.

"It's ridiculous to say that any one could dance well with artificial legs."

"Oh, I don't know. There's Mme. Padden, the ballet dancer. I'd hate to say how much is artificial about hers."—Philadelphia Press.

A Red Lake.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property, every tenth year, of turning red, owing to the presence of certain water plants, which are not found in any other lake in the world.

No Wonder.

"Where is Charlie Bower, the coroner's player?"

"Studying abroad."

"Who advised him to go so far to study?"

"All of his neighbors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Studying the Symptoms.

"Josh's letter from the city sounds like he was homesick," said Mrs. Cornet.

"He isn't homesick," replied her husband emphatically. "He's broke."—Washington Star.



A good runner is not one who is constantly into debt and running away from creditors.

He (revertly)—I would work hard at anything for you. She (sweetly)—Well—let's begin on your bank account.—Luck.

Bobby—How much footgear do you wear out in a month, Tommy? Tommy—Two pairs of shoes and a pair of my mother's slippers.

Jim—Yes, he's an artist, a musician and a poet. He poor fellow! I had no idea poverty had such a hold on him.—Chicago Daily News.

She—I wonder why the baby doesn't begin to talk, John? He—Why, I guess because you don't give him a chance, dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

Old Boarder—How does the beefsteak here compare with that in the boarding house you just left. New Boarder—It's neck and neck.—Baltimore American.

Bill—Did you ever notice how many tall men you meet in a day? Jill—No, but I've often noticed how many short men one meets when you want a loan.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Yes, Miss Myrtle," drawled Reggy Van Fickle, "there is a time for all things." "Indeed," yawned the girl in the Roman chair. "Then you have really looked at the clock."

"How can you let George boss you around that way? I always thought you so independent." "Yes, dear, but you mustn't forget that Christmas is not far off."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"One danger 'bout education," said Uncle Eben, "is that a young man is liable to stain 'round recitin' Woodman, Shoppin' Dat Tree, when he ought to be sparin' 'foreword."—Washington Star.

"Marriages, you know," remarked Miss Eldorleish, "are made in heaven." "Oh, well, cheer up," rejoined Miss Youngblood, consolingly. "You'll probably go there some time."—Chicago News.

"How do you know that, Solomon was the wisest man?" "That's easy," answered Mr. Justin Stax. "His wisdom is proved by his extraordinary accumulation of wealth."—Washington Star.

First Elevated Road Strap—That's a mighty pretty girl. Second Elevated Road Strap—Yes, and what's more, I can support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed.—New York Sun.

Lady—What is it, little boy? Boy—I come to claim the reward you offered for the return of my cat. Lady—But that is a cat. Boy—Yes, but the cat is inside de cat.—Chicago News.

Travels—I hear you are lecturing on the Strenuous Life. Lecturer—Yes, I got tired of lecturing, and it's so much easier to tell other people what to do than it is to do things one's self.—Detroit Free Press.

Farmer Skidmore (reading signs in a city hotel room)—This burned all night charged extra? "Don't blow out the gas." These fellows is bound to catch you one way or the other.—Cleveland Leader.

Father—What did the teacher say when she heard you swear? Small Boy—She asked me where I learned it. Father—What did you tell her? Boy—I didn't want to give you away, so I blamed it on to the parrot.—Exchange.

First Bachelor—Suppose you saw some beautiful scenery coming over the Rockies. What was it like? Second Bachelor—It had gray eyes and brown hair and a blue gown; it sat just across the aisle from me.—Detroit Free Press.

Gunner—I'll wait outside the barber shop until you get shaved. How long are you going to be? Guyer—About eight hours. Gunner—What! Guyer—Yes, there is a virily eleven in there waiting to get an end-of-the-season haircut.

They Wear a Mask.

Nearly every shopkeeper in the land is forced, in the conduct of his business, to wear the mask of diplomacy. This was illustrated the other day in a downtown art store.

An elderly lady, connected with some of the best families, made her purchases and paid a small sum on account of a former bill, and the goods just bought. As she placed the new bill in her reticule she said to the attentive shopkeeper:

"Now—or no bothering me about this, you know, no sending around to my place. If you do send a man I'll set the dog on him."

"You'll have no trouble about it, madam," was the suave answer. "Take your time about it; all the time you want," and she smiled like a seraph until the old dowager's coach rolled off up the street. Then he turned to a friend who was taking it all in and muttered:

"Durn her old picture. I won't see a red cent of that money in nine months, but what can you do? You've got to be polite."

The Operator.

A New York matron bought a sewing machine recently, and her 11-year-old daughter, anxious for a novelty, says the New York Sun, laid out the printed directions and attempted to run the machine. All seemed to be going well, till the mother's attention was attracted by a deep sigh and a whispered "O dear! I cannot find it."

"What is it, daughter, that you cannot find?" she asked.

"Why, mother," was the reply, "the directions say, 'Place the screw to the right of the operator,' and I can't find the operator!"

On the Bleachers.

The girl with the autumn hair had suffered him to put his arm on the back of the seat, but when he tried to take her hand she drew it away.

"Mr. Spoonall," she said, "you mustn't try to stretch a base hit into a three-bagger."

A woman runs almost as fast when she sees a mouse as a man does when he hears a baby crying.

Camping Song.
Was your dinner lost its savor?
Has your grilling lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
There's a way to lift your load,
With a horse and a saddle and
a mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?
Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion?
Or a grin, unwelcome sport?
There's a world of health and beauty,
There's a help that cannot fail,
In a day behind the burro,
On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
To a land that's free and large,
Where the rainless skies are resting
On a snowy mountain marge.
When we camp in God's own country,
You will find yourself again,
With a fire and a blanket and the
stars upon the plain.—Bliss
Carmen in the Reader.

The Last Watch on the "Empress"

Strained, tempest-buffed, leaking at a dozen seams, her foretopmast gone, her yards splintered, her sails in rags, and with four feet of water in her lower hold, the old bark Empress, three weeks overdue with a cargo of rice from Calcutta, came lumbering heavily into the lower harbor through the fog of the May afternoon.

At her wheel stood the captain, and amidships two weary Swedes were pumping desperately. Brushing aside pilot boats, tugs and quarantine steamer, heedless of the hoarse warnings screamed from a half-dozen metal throats, she made straight for the crescent of Hospital Bank, and there ran hard and fast aground.

As she settled she made a bed for herself in the soft mud, so that when the tide left her she stood nearly upright. During the next week her rattled cargo was lightened out. Then her owners weighed its fate in council and their verdict was, "Strip and burn." For five days more the swarming riggers worked havoc with knife and hatchet, and mauls, until, on Friday afternoon, the decks were littered with food for the junk shop and the oakum factory, and the three masts rose bare of their familiar tatters of rope and spar.

At three o'clock on that very Friday, Emerson Hardy, just turned twenty-two, licensed engineer of the gasoline launch belonging to Smith & Cutcliffe, the firm that owned the bark, had finished cleaning up his boat, after a short trip, and had moored it securely off the foot of the landing stairs. The machinery needed some repairs, so for two or three days his craft would be out of commission.

He had not the slightest objection, therefore, when his employers asked him to act as watchman for a single night in place of the colored steward, who had for the past ten days stood grand over the vessel, but who had that morning sailed on a fruit ship bound for Jamaica. Smith & Cutcliffe knew well that the bark was safe from harbor thieves so long as the engineer had charge of it.

It was already dark, and a dense fog blanketed the day, when the tug Orion, on its way out to watch all night for incoming vessels, steamed up close to the Empress to set Hardy on board. He scrambled up the low side and was on deck in a moment.

"Don't let the rats eat you up, Emerson!" called out the pilot, as the tug swung away. "I'll give you a call in the morning on the way in, to see if you are all there."

Hardy flung back a jest in reply. The first thing he did after the Orion had vanished in the mist and its distant puffing died down to an asthmatic whisper, was to light his lantern and load his revolver. Then he straightened up and looked about him.

The bark was entirely dismantled. Her ragged sails were bundled up, the cordage lay along the deck in coils and lines, extending from the cabin top forward. In short, the vessel had been stripped of everything of value, in preparation for the final trips of the lighter. The only spot above decks not covered with debris was the roof of the forecabin.

With the advance of night the fog grew thicker. Back and forth paced the engineer. He consulted his watch; it was eight o'clock. He came to a stop near the end of the cabin, where the ship's bell hung tongueless.

The fancy came to him to strike the hours upon it, as if he were keeping watch during an ocean voyage; it would break the monotony of his light. With a rusty iron marlin-spike, picked up from the deck, he beat out eight clear, silvery notes from the sea-mellowed brass.

The night wore on. Every thirty minutes Hardy paused near the binnacle, and the bell pealed out its warning beneath his vigorous arm; one stroke at half past eight, two at nine, and so on.

But the hours moved slowly. He was just on the edge of the channel, and up to midnight there was plenty of passing—passenger-boats, freighters, tugs towing lines of barges; he could hear and tell them all, although the fog hid them from view. Toward twelve o'clock they thinned out, and it would have been lonely enough on the deserted bulk but for the rats.

They were present in scores, great, gray, leaping bewhiskered fellows, scurrying about decks and quarrelling with one another, and half tame, inoffensive house animals, but savage, impudent brutes, born and bred on shipboard.

He wanted of anything better to do, Hardy watched them. Finally he grew tired, and at midnight, after eight strokes on the bell, went down into the cabin. In the middle of the floor stood a huge rat. The watch-

man shouted at it. The beast lifted its head inquiringly without a sign of fear, and then trotted leisurely into the captain's stateroom.

Hardy stretched himself out in a dilapidated haircloth armchair, the sole remaining article of furniture, set his lantern down near by and tried to fancy himself in command of the bark on a foreign voyage. He lost consciousness for a time, but was suddenly roused by a sharp pain in the right hand. Springing up, he found from him with a shudder of disgust a rat, which, emboldened by his silence, had leaped into his lap and bitten the knuckle of his middle finger.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly two o'clock, the time when man's life forces are said to be at their lowest ebb. Over the decks above, Hardy could hear numberless feet patterning and racing, while the air was rent by shrill, continuous squeals. In the cabin itself were fully a dozen rats, darting in and out of the open staterooms. Taking his lantern, Hardy went up the companionway.

The tide, which was almost high, gurgled steadily into the hold through the open seams, driving all the rats upward. Until a few days before, the animals had had enough to eat from the cargo to keep them from being hungry, but now lack of food had made them savage. The decks were literally alive with them, running squealing, fighting.

Hardy had no sense of fear, but the incessant squabbling wearied him, and he longed for the approach of morning. He almost wished that the harbor thieves would put in an appearance. They could easily be frightened off by a show of his revolver; and almost any human interruption would be welcome to vary this ceaseless squealing.

The turmoil on the decks increased. The watchman started forward, and trod on the tail of one of the rats. The animal turned upon him and sank its teeth into his ankle with a shriek.

There was something about that note different than the others. As its sound a dead silence suddenly fell upon the bark, and Hardy was aware that every rat turned toward him. Another shrill, vicious call from his assailant, and in an instant the engineer found himself the object of attack by scores of foes.

Against the binnacle leaned a wooden capstanbar. Hardy seized this with his right hand, and with the lantern in his left, vaulted upon the cabin roof, which rose about four feet above the deck.

He gained thereby a momentary respite, but soon his enemies discovered his whereabouts. Up they swarmed, clambering over the festoons of rigging along the edge of the cabin top. The watchman set down his lantern, grasped the capstanbar tightly with both hands, and began to lay about him with long, sweeping blows that sent rat after rat flying over the rail into the sea.

At first the engineer despised his assailants. It seemed absurd to think that his safety could be seriously endangered by such contemptible animals. They assailed him from behind and he wheeled to meet them, raining his blows in every direction, and striving to shake himself free from their attack. But they pressed him hard, with an ominous, deadly earnestness, and it did not take him long to realize that he was fighting for his very life.

Hardy's wiriness now stood him in good stead. A bigger, clumsier man could not have handled himself so quickly. Up and down, right and left, swept the capstanbar like a fall. He grew sick of the massacre. He could see nothing outside the little mist-walled circle illumined by the lantern. Slay as many as he might, their numbers seemed unthinned, and their assault continued with undiminished vigor. His arms were weary with wielding the bar, but he had to fight on.

Had Hardy cared, he would have jumped overboard; but he was only a very ordinary swimmer, the water was cold, and the shore nearly a mile away.

But something must be done at once. His breath was coming short. He stumbled and almost fell. Once down? He shuddered at the thought and wielded his bar desperately.

An incautious sweep caught the lantern, and whirled it over the rail with a ringing crash of glass. The watchman's face was now turned toward the bow. As he shot a glance forward through the mist, he caught a glimpse of the forecabin, rising above the littered decks. Once on its top he would be safe. Could he gain it? One jump took him off the cabin to the break; another planted his feet on the main deck, midships. His enemies pursued him. The black square of the open hatch yawned before him. Round it he darted, threatening his way among the rope coils. Once or twice he was almost thrown headlong.

Close before him, rose the forecabin. It was six feet high. Could he reach its summit? He must.

Up he leaped and flung his hands over the edge. Beneath him the rats bit at his feet and hung at the bottoms of his trousers. With a mighty effort he threw his left leg up over the side of the roof, caught his heel, and a moment later lay there in safety, half-fainting.

There Hardy spent the remainder of the night. With the coming of dawn a fresh landbreeze dispersed the fog, and as the tide fell the rats disappeared into the hold to search for scattered rice grains. When the Orion took the watchman off at six o'clock the decks showed no signs of life.

Late that evening, as the lighter drew away toward the city with its last load, a match touched to a ball of rags soaked in kerosene lighted up a beacon visible afar over sea and land, the funeral pyre of the Empress. The flames danced along her bulwarks and streamed up her masts, until she stood in lurid outline against the surrounding gloom.

But before the conflagration touched them the rats leaped overboard, and soon the frail surface was alive with swimming forms. Few reached the shore, however, for the sea was rough through the long mile they had

to traverse. Meanwhile the old bark burned far into the night, until her upper works were consumed; and it was well toward morning when the rising tide put out the flames.—Youth's Companion.

HENRY SLADE DEAD.

The Noted Spiritualistic Medium Dies in a Michigan Sanatorium, Aged 80.

Henry Slade, the noted spiritualistic medium, who died recently in the Belding, Michigan, Sanatorium with nobody to claim his remains, as stated by a despatch from there to supposed relatives at Lockport, N. Y., was a Niagara county man. He was one of the most noted slate writers in the world and created a great sensation years ago. He exhibited his weird and so-called occult powers before most of the crowned heads of Europe. Some of his performances, it is said, baffled the close investigation of scientists.

Henry Slade was about 80 years old at the time of his death. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Slade of Johnson's Creek, and was born in that little hamlet in the town of Hartford, Niagara county, when most of the county was a wilderness. The Slades were among the first settlers. Henry attended the district school and later went to a local seminary.

One of Henry's schoolboy friends was Abe Taylor, the patriarch of Johnson's Creek, he is now over 80. Mr. Taylor relates that Slade, when a mere youth, used to exhibit his strange powers in a manner that made their blood creep. He could make a table with a lighted lamp lean toward him by a mere motion of his hands. The table, which he did not touch, would incline to an angle of 45 degrees, yet the lighted lamp would maintain its equilibrium and never upset. He could place his hand on top of a piano when 21 years of age and lift both piano legs off the floor.

Over animals he presented a marvelous influence. He was known as a great cold breaker and bull tamer. He used to entertain his young friends by slate writing and many of them held him in absolute awe.

Slade left Lockport when about 21 and began his tours later. In New York he turned away great crowds. He went to Europe and Kings and Queens and their courts gave him audiences. Emperor Napoleon III. gave him a three-carat diamond. It is said he was at one time worth a million.—New York Sun.

FAKE ACCIDENTS HIS CRAFT.

Pape's Broken Vertebra Fooled Many Surgeons.

By means of a broken vertebra, received during a career as a circus performer, Edward L. Pape, 34, of New York, has succeeded for three years in misleading railroad and trolley companies out of thousands of dollars in fake damages.

In a signed confession obtained in Philadelphia by the Rapid Transit Company, Pape tells how he worked the big companies of New York, Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo successfully. He had turned State's evidence on the men who were connected with him. Two of these, John Burns and John Wilmott, were arrested, while the police are after a New York lawyer, who Pape says, did the gang's legal business.

Pape was held under \$2,000 bail for court, while his two confederates, who are confined in a workhouse in Cleveland, will be taken to New York where they will face a number of serious charges.

Pape, who was the leader of the gang, has a peculiar physical asset that was most valuable to him in these schemes. Time after time, after he had apparently been hurled from a moving street car, he has been taken to hospitals of various cities in an unconscious condition. Doctors at these institutions, after making an X-ray examination, would declare that he had either a fracture of the skull or an injury to the vertebrae.

With his confederates for witnesses to the accident and the endorsement of the physicians, Pape would have a case for damages that could not be attacked.

He had an injury to the fifth vertebra, but this was received as a result of diving from a height of forty feet into a vat containing six feet of water. A miscalculation caused Pape to strike his head against the side of the vat. When he recovered from the effects of this accident, which broke a vertebra, there was a lump on the back of the neck, and the muscles of the front of the neck had taken a peculiar formation. By stimulating the actions of a man who had his spine injured, he could, by the aid of these physical evidences, fool any doctor.—Philadelphia Correspondence of the New York Sun.

A Tragedy of Foolhardiness.

As a result of the foolhardy practice of inexperienced persons entering the cages of wild beasts, a terrible tragedy was yesterday played at Blackpool. When, during the day, a butcher went to the stockyard of the Blackpool Tower Company at South Shore, where sick and reserve animals for the menagerie are kept, he was terrified to find the three lions roaring at will about the yard. He obtained assistance, and drove them back to the cage, where the mangled and half-eaten body of a man was then discovered. On the remains being recovered, they were found to be those of a carter named Livesey, who was in the employ of the Tower Company. He had been heard to express his intention of going into the cage where the lions were kept, and late on Saturday night he was seen to enter the stockyard with another man. Cries of fear were afterward heard, coming from within, and shortly afterward a man was seen running away from the stockyard. The manager of the Tower Company states that Livesey had no right to go into the cage.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

The exports of olive oil from Algeria during 1904 were 2,150 tons.

WOMEN AND FASHION

When Mother Came.
I traveled to the village, Nell, and saw your mother, dear.
Her arms were stained with jam and juice, her sleeves rolled up to here. The cook stove roared like it was mad, the room was full of heat,
And Jimmie's face was smeared with jam and apple butter sweet.
A dozen pans were on the stove, their contents bubbling o'er,
And there were apples on the beds and peaches on the floor.
And when I walked into the house I slipped upon a pear,
And sitting down, I smashed a big tomato in the chair.
She took an inventory, Nell: Two hundred jars of jam,
One hundred cans of Bartlett pears, and catsup (that's for Sam);
Twelve dozen jars of marmalade of several different kinds,
And twenty tubs of peach preserves and watermelon rinds,
And grapes and quinces, berries, plums and apples—tons or more;
The pantry shelves are loaded down, the cellar running o'er.
But go and get your cook book, dear, for this she spoke: "O' course, I want to get that new recipe for makin' chili sauce!"
—Indianapolis Sun.

Again the Draped Bodice.
Where brown shoes and stockings are worn the bloomers will carry out the color note. It is not so desirable to have the bloomers made of the material of the dress. It is too suggestive of the boy's knickerbockers.

corded silk, for a child, has the straight brim edged with a band of mink fur.

Broader shoulders point to the spaullet, and it is confidently asserted that this mode is to be reinstated the coming season.



Liouette

High Napoleon collars and revers, with attractive and dainty lace cravats, are in evidence nowdays on all noteworthy toilets.

There is the loveliest tea gown of champagne liberty satin in empire style, covered with fluffy billows of champagne valenciennes.

Stiff linen collars have taken on a new style. They are made to fit the neck snugly and button with two jeweled buttons at the back.

Burnous wraps are worn by the modish and one cloudlike affair of silky muslin is in three layers—first dark gray, then silver gray and on top violet.

The perfect hostess causes all her guests to feel at ease and perfectly at home while in her house. The stiff reserved woman who seeks to keep her guests in awe is a failure as a hostess.

In the small towns as well as the larger cities newcomers must wait for the old residents to make their first calls. This is true in every city except Washington, D. C., where this custom is reversed.

The silver wedding or the twenty-fifth anniversary, is nearly always celebrated and the occasion of much rejoicing. The invitations usually bear the date of the marriage and the date of the anniversary: a monogram

NEW COATS AND DRAPED GOWNS.



In the garments and fabrics which replace the earlier skirt, therefore, is that of a double flounce, and the flounce is seen in the full opening, moiré and model is in two lengths, one trained, the other quite short. The flounce, which look deliciously antiquated, rubbing other skirts are draped only at the sides, with a shaped elbow with the novelties distinctly twentieth-century. flounce, maybe, finishing the drop there, and the skirt fall in general effect the lines of garments are not greatly long voluminously all round. In fact, there are few skirt changed, skirts remaining the two lengths of the summer, models which show a medium course. They are either and bodices continuing the look of coquetry which the short enough to display in its entirety the most dapper tussy short sleeves and dainty vest effects give. But there footwear or else the fall upon the floor is exaggeratedly are new "touches" without number, and perhaps the most long.

Important of these is the revival of the draped skirt. Many. Another quite important feature of the new styles is tunic effects are observed and some are so suggestive of the empire coat for tailor gowns. Made of plain satin cloth, the old time overskirt as to need the merest looping at the strapped or plainly stitched, or of English or Scotch tweeds, sides to be one. The model of one consists of a gored such empire coat frocks are very dashing, though the style lining finished with a shaped flounce, and hung with a seems more to suit plain cloth and velvet than the less elegant tunic of circular cut. The tunic fits at the back gaped materials. The skirts of the long coat are very full, without pleats and the bottom, which may be hemmed or but no matter how solid the texture of the gown the sleeves trimmed, reaches to the top of the flounce. The effect of follow the prevailing elbow cuts.

skylene must take a height commensurate with the size of the room; what that is must be left for the individual to decide.

Two Attractive Gowns.



House frock of rose henrietta, with a lace vest and one of the new draped skirts. Empire coat of reseda green broadcloth, lined with squirrel.

Bloomers for Children.
Sensible mothers are going to let their little girls wear bloomers with their winter suits. These bloomers may match the stockings or petticoats—thus for instance, a child wearing black shoes will have a pair of black silk or black cashmere bloomers.

FASHION NOTES.

Buckles of peacock blue and green are liked.

The popular velveteens have a soft chiffon finish.

Satin seems to be especially dear to the dressmaker's heart.

Observe the preponderance of the chenille hat in the milliner's window.

Black broadcloth is the dressiest choice possible for the autumn tailor-made.

Fur boas will not be quite as long as those of last year, according to early models.

A couple of lace blouses in your wardrobe will be certain to carry you through no end of difficulties.

of silver may lend the invitation. Gifts of silver should be sent and the variety to select from found in the stores is almost unending.

In writing letters and notes dates and numerical designations, as the number of the house, may be written in figures, but quantities should be expressed in words. As few abbreviations as possible should be used.

Good breeding is indicated by the promptness with which answers are sent to all invitations received. If one would only realize how much anxiety a tardy answer causes the hostess immediate replies would be the result.

Becoming Colors.
For the blonde, the delicate yellow of ripe corn is beautifying.

Violet is allowable only for a face quite free from yellow tints.

Usually the soft-toned grays look well with yellow or brown hair.

The tint of the orange is becoming to the brunette with a fair complexion.

Browns are becoming to the clear skin crowned with golden or brown hair.

Blue is remarkably becoming to fair skins, but only the darkest shades are favorable to brunettes.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Immortality—He who works to-day, remembering that to-morrow he will be gone, makes himself unconsciously immortal.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Russian Jew.—The sense of the humanity, not to speak of the problem of alien immigration in England and America, has raised the Russian Jew to an international issue.—Rev. C. A. Rubenstein, Hebrew, Baltimore, Md.

Society.—Human society is like a football game; the test of it is in the inequality of the players; if all were equal there would be no fun. The only difference is that football is played fair.—Rev. Frank Crane, Methodist, Worcester, Mass.

Exercise.—It is the man who exercises the strength that he has who grows. It is the thinker who exercises his thoughts that grows wise. He who exercises Godlike qualities grows Godlike.—Rev. H. S. Bradley, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Persecution.—Persecuting powers may silence ministers and restrain them, but they cannot hinder the operation of the Word of God upon men's hearts and consciences. No human force can bind that word.—Rev. W. A. Frye, Methodist, Lansing, Mich.

The Idea of God.—An idea of God involves the thought of the supernatural; of a being, not against the law, but above the law; one whose existence is beyond and outside the range of our earthly rules and conditions.—Rev. Beverly Warner, Episcopalian, New Orleans, La.

No Easy World.—This is no easy world, and alas for the person who thinks it is. He misses both its meaning and opportunity. There is not a word in Scripture nor in sacred literature that treats of life as though it were a picnic.—Rev. M. W. Stryker, Congregationalist, Clinton, N. Y.

The Genuine Church.—A genuine church of Christ, full of Christian love and faith, and full of the joy of successful work, is a heaven on earth; the comfort of the aged, the joy of the strong man, the inspiration of youth, the salvation of the erring.—Rev. W. B. Craig, Disciple, Denver, Col.

Missionaries.—It is only ninety-three years since the first American missionary went out among the heathen, and to-day there are millions of Christians where there would have been only heathens had there not been Christ bent unfurled in their midst.—Rev. J. K. McClurkin, Presbyterian, Shady Side, Pa.

The Bible.—Because it is God's Book, the Bible is peculiarly man's book, when man would rise to loftiest conceptions and highest achievements. It is wonderful how our whole English literature has become permeated, saturated, and elevated by sentiments.—Rev. K. B. Tupper, Baptist, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Worthy Church.—Every trial of the church to compete with the world in worldly ways has met with disaster. Institutional churches, liberal in teaching and practice, but conservative in amusement along the lines suggested here, for the most part, failed.—Rev. W. A. Waterman, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.

The Daily Task.—When one has found a needed task he goes forward in the performance of that which he believes to be the will of God. It is not then a question of talent, but one of service. A man's daily task, done in all conscience as a command from God, is a sacrament.—Rev. W. M. Backus, Unitarian, Chicago, Ill.

Give and Take.—Man is, before all things, a social being, set in a community, and he can only exist by the help of others. He must always, if he would thrive, give and take, and he must give as much and more than he takes. All his institutions have this law as their foundation.—Rev. A. S. Crasply, Episcopalian, Rochester, N. Y.

Japan.—Japan, hardly considered worthy of any recognition a few years ago, is winning marvelous victories, always characterized by modesty. This unobtrusive, quick-witted and advancing nation has already become the leader and teacher of the whole East. This spectacle should check our tendency to self-glorification.—Rev. W. E. Huntington, Methodist, Boston, Mass.

Personality.—Every person must have some kind of a personality. God's call is always from ignorance to knowledge; from slavery to freedom. Loyalty to the supreme purpose makes the only life worth while. We must work for progress—it can never be given to us. The danger is not in obstacles in the way but in the faithfulness in the agent.—Rev. D. D. Goucher, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

Criticism.—In spite of all criticism, the central truths which the Bible came to teach have not been and cannot be affected by the progress of time. As a picture said to have been painted by God, but which has proved to be the work of man becomes all the greater picture because man painted it and felt that it was at one time worthy of being considered of divine authority, so the Bible, as the product of human genius, becomes an infinitely greater expression of human aspirations, since it was written by man and not by God.—Rev. J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Clear Case.
A story is told of a speech recently made by an Irish barrister in a court of law.

He was for the plaintiff, whose cow had been knocked down and killed by a train, and this was his contention: "If the train had been run as it should have been run, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rung, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blown, both of which."

"...her the cow would have been run over."